



生命

生非永生，死非永死

Life

no lasting life, no dateless death

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THE EARTH CULTURE PRESS



帝国诗丛 Book Series of the Empire Poetry

ISBN 978-0-206-85448-5



9 780206 854485 >

ISBN 978-0-206-85448-5

PRICE: US\$30.00

Book Name: Life

Author: Wang Xiaolu

Book Series of the Empire Poetry

Editor-in-Chief: Arthur Zhang

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Translated by Brent O. Yan & Wang Shuyi

Published by The Earth Culture Press (Ohio, U.S.A.)

E-mail: iptc1995@126.com

First Printing: July 2021

Print Copies: 1-1000

Total Characters: 150,600

Price: US\$30.00

ISBN 978-0-206-85448-5

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Manufactured in the United States of America

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一条鱼

在和水亲密接触，符合常理
我们欣赏它
在鱼缸里的自由游弋
不对你细看它眼神呆滞
停伫不动的七秒
它在想着另一条鱼
瞬间，它又忘了
开始欢快地转着圈
陶醉在自己的天地

一条鱼的孤独
短暂而频繁
一个人的痛苦
漫长而单一



A Fish

In close contact with water, in line with common sense
We appreciate it
Freely swimming in the fish tank
Not looking at closely, its eyes dull
In the seven seconds of immobility
It was thinking about another fish
And forgot it again instantly
Starting to spin around happily
Enthralled in its own world

The loneliness of a fish
Short and frequent
The pain of being alone
Long and single



巴黎梦

旅行，源于好奇和梦想
我们把一个个美好的期待
汇聚到一个具体的地方
然后不辞辛劳
用行李装满兴奋前往

圣心大教堂的台阶上
坐满了各种人
来自不同的地方
想着不同的事情
眼睛看着同一座城市
耳朵听着同一位歌手的摇滚
把自己的情绪向中世纪释放

埃菲尔铁塔，罗浮宫，巴黎圣母院
蛇形的队伍
浪费太大的毅力和太久的时间
肤浅地品一品百年千年的佳酿
不如去塞纳河的游船上
吹吹风
看看古建筑凝重的青灰色
和情侣们偎依的倒影
翻动了河里文艺气质的浪



Paris Dreams

Travel, out of curiosity and dreams
We converge good expectations
Into a specific place
Then go out of our way
To pack our bags with excitement and go

On the steps of Sacred Heart Cathedral
Sit all kinds of people
From different places
Thinking about different things
Eyes on the same city
Listening to the same singer's rock'n roll
To release their emotions to the Middle Ages

Eiffel Tower, Louvre, Notre Dame of Paris
The serpentine procession
Wasting too much perseverance and too much time
A superficial tasting of a centuries-old good wine
Is no match for a cruise on the Seine
Enjoying the breeze blowing
Looking at the stark green-grey color of ancient buildings
And the reflection of snuggling couples
Turning over the waves of literary temperament in the river



生命

旅行

时间和空间的较量

成长和阅历的纠缠

有限的生命实践着无限的遐想



Life

Travel

The battle of time and space

The entanglement of growing up and experiencing

A finite life is practicing infinite reverie



孤独飞翔

诗歌的文字整齐地排列在那里
像田里的庄稼一排一排
它长不出稻谷也长不出棉花
一切物质的东西都长不出来
它唯一能长出来的
就是翅膀
插上它们
我就开始了孤独的飞翔

寂寞的鱼

在深邃的蓝色中
我寂寞前行
绚丽的光既是骄傲，也是痛苦
有无数双眼睛
在暗处窥视着我
美丽和缺陷一样无处遁形
没有同伴没有温暖
纵然有鲜花和掌声
也不能抚慰
悬浮在空中的，无可依托的灵



Flying Alone

The characters of poetry are neatly arranged
Like rows of crops in a field
It does not produce rice or cotton
No material things will grow in it
The only things
It can yield are wings
When I could sprout them
I began to fly alone

Lonely Fish

In the deep blue
I walk lonely
The glorious light is either pride or pain
There are countless pairs of eyes
Spying on me in the darkness
Beauty and defects have nowhere to hide
No companionship or warmth
Even though there are flowers and applause
Never can it soothe
The unsupported spirit that suspended in the air



我守住了一片海

红尘诱惑
如商场的商品琳琅满目
我有选择恐惧症
所以，一片海就可以满足
我置身于这片海里
跟天空那么和睦
天空扯过来几缕白云
大海就漾起几朵浪花来回复
天空掠过飞鸟
大海就竖起船帆
最终在天际
它们拥抱于一处

我守住了一片海
守住了一片蓝色的静穆



I Have Guarded a Sea

The temptation of the mundane world
Like that from the goods galore in a mall
I have a phobia of choice
So, a vast sea will suffice me
I am in this sea
Getting along well with the sky
The sky takes out wisps of white cloud
And the sea would reply with spindrift
The sky is swept by birds
And the sea would raise its sails
Finally in the sky
They embrace in one place

I have guarded a sea
As well as a blue silence



夜读

夜深人静时
最适合谈心
尤其是和未曾谋面的人
夜幕低垂
黑色掩去羞涩
隔着时空和思想的巨人交心
天籁清越悠扬
水声和虫鸣一样动听
还有风穿过树林
一切都让我愉悦欢欣

文字的精灵开始活跃
有如天马展翅飞行
我驰骋纵横于方块世界
看到蒙古草原上的射雕英雄
湘西吊脚楼的女子在梳洗长发
黔南的鬼怪出没在深山老林
甚至还能看到奥涅金的马车
在俄罗斯的千里雪域狂奔
年轻的歌德差点为爱跳进河里
雪莱在西风中背着岁月的重轭前行

漫长的阅读



Night Reading

Late at night when it is quiet
Best for heart-to-heart talks
Especially with those who you've never met
The curtain of night hanging low
Darkness hid the shyness
Confiding to the giants of thought across time and space
The sound of nature is clear and melodious
The gurgling of water is as beautiful as the chirping of insects
And still there is the wind blowing through the trees
All of this makes me happy and joyful

The genie of words comes to alive
Like a Pegasus flying with wings
I gallop through the world of characters
Seeing the shooting hero on the Mongolian steppe
A woman combing her long hair in a western Hunan stilted house
The ghosts in Qiannan region linger in the deep forests
And I can even see the Onegin's carriage
Running wild in the vast snowy wilderness of Russia
The young Goethe almost jumped into the river for love
Shelley carried the heavy yoke of time on his back in the west wind

A long time read



生命

是我在深夜的修行
每一次顿悟
都让我更卑微
或者说更加无畏



Life

Is my cultivation in the late night
Every epiphany
Makes me more humble
Or more fearless



耳朵

眼睛比起耳朵
更值得我们信赖
老祖宗的话
“耳听为虚，眼见为实”

事无绝对
我们在黑暗的世界穿行
眼睛毫无意义
又或者世界依旧光明
只是我们的眼睛被蒙蔽
耳朵抓住真相
扫清迷茫
稳住了惶恐的心
耳朵，像两面招摇的旗



Ears

Eyes compared to ears
Are more trustworthy
As the words of our ancestors go
“Hearing is false, seeing is true”

Nothing is absolute
We walk through a world of darkness
Eyes are useless
Or maybe the world is still bright
But our eyes are blinded
Ears can catch the truth
Clear the confusion
Steady the frightened heart
Ears, are two beckoning flags



草原

草
以卑微的姿态匍匐在地
再以征服的野心向四周扩展
从一株开始
经历了几世的枯荣
成了原

在洪荒中
长情陪伴的
除了蓝天白云
还有野马和野火
每一次踩踏都是锤炼
每一次燃烧都是重生

人类是婴儿
水是奶
草是粮
草原是摇篮



Grassland

Grass

Prostrates on the ground in a humble manner
And then expands to all directions with a conquering ambition
They started with one blade
Going through vicissitudes for several generations
And then became the grassland

In the flood

The faithful companions are
The wild horses and wildfires
Along with the blue sky and white clouds
Every tread is a hammering
Every burning is a rebirth

Humans are babies

Water is milk
Grass is food
Grassland is the cradle



最后的麦穗

今夜
麦田无人守望
被腰斩的麦秆整齐矗立
目送麦粒被送进粮仓
一株麦穗遗留在田间
枕着月色的苍凉
在昏昏入睡前思索
被这个世界遗忘
到底是该高兴
还是该悲伤

悬崖上的杜鹃花

我在悬崖上
看着他们繁华
看着他们欢乐
有人抬头注视着我
他是否已经厌倦



The Last Plant of Wheat

Tonight
The wheat field is unguarded
Standing neatly are the stalks cut in half
Witnessing the grains being delivered to the granary
A plant of wheat is left in the field
Pillowing the pallor of the moon
Lost in thought before drifting off to sleep
Should it be happy
Or sad to be forgotten
By the world

Azalea on the Cliff

I'm on a cliff
Watching them
Thrive and thrill
Someone looking up at me
Is he getting tired of me or not



地下两米处的三角梅

装修房子时
曾把一株三角梅埋在地下两米处

数月后
花园里长出一株野草
高约七十厘米
和周围的小草格格不入
我踩了几脚直至它重伤倒地不起

世界终于和平
没有独木秀于林要摧之
只是夜晚的草地上有种不安的情绪
悄悄蔓延着一股反抗势力

短短十来天
那株野草的身躯已经如棍子般粗细
一树的繁花就在地上盛开
枝叶纵横拓展了五六平方米的领地

啊！是一株三角梅
我内疚于自己的粗鲁与无知
它则以胜利者的姿态
从栏杆间隙中探出身子
爬上秋千架



Trillium at Two Meters Underground

When decorating the house
I once buried a trillium two meters deep underground

A few months later
A weed grew in the garden
About seventy centimeters high
Not fitting in with the surrounding grass
So I stepped on it a few times until it fell
To the ground with serious injuries

The world finally came to peace
No tree stands out to be destroyed in the forest
Just inquietude on the grassland at night
Spreading a force of resistance

In just ten days or so
The weed's body is already as thick as a stick
A tree of flowers blossoming on the ground
The branches expand five or six square meters as territory

Ah! It's a trillium
I feel guilty for my rudeness and ignorance
It, however, peeks out a victorious position
From the gap between the railings
Climbing up the swing set



把美丽和自信表现到极致

对它无边宠爱的阳光

和水一起

成就了这地中海的女王

滋养了她倔强倨傲的脾气



Life

Expressing its beauty and confidence to the extreme

The sunlight that dotes on it without bounds

Together with water

Make it a Queen of the land

And nourished her stubborn and arrogant temper



纸飞机

一张纸
以飞机的模样在空中滑翔
没有乘客和货物
只有两个人的名字

没有马达轰鸣
两个名字手牵手
安静地飞
气流托起轻盈双翼

时光不老
一分钟就是一生
空间无垠
周游世界不过十米



Paper Airplane

A sheet of paper
Gliding in the air in the shape of an airplane
No passengers and no cargo
Only two names

No motor roaring
Two names are flying quietly
Hand in hand
Airflow holds up light wings

Time does not age
One minute is a lifetime
Space is infinite
Ten meters would suffice to go round the world



月下的回眸

我们相识于白天
离别于黑夜
白天的亮光
足以看见你全部的优点
黑夜的黑暗
足以掩盖你全部的缺点
爱，无声终结
夜幕将要吞噬你的背影
月亮推开云层照亮归途
你一回眸，我看到了
那眼眶中折射出无数的月亮
一个月亮就是一种忧伤



A Glance-back Under the Moon

We meet in the daytime
And part in the night
The bright daylight
Uncovers all your good points
The darkness of the night
Covers up all your flaws
Love ends in silence
The night will swallow your silhouette
The moon pushing through the clouds to light the way home
I see when you glance back
The countless moons reflected in your eyes
One moon is one sadness



浮萍

在轻盈的天空和厚实的大地之间
存在着灵动的水
行走在水面的流浪者
常常在流水和风声之间来回

寂寞如雪花覆盖
令人恐惧
回头的浪子决定投靠荣华
荣华一退再退 留下空虚

流浪者俯首看看脚底
没有根



Duckweed

Between the light sky and the thick earth
Exists the flowing water
He who wanders on the water often lingers
Back and forth between the running water and wind

Loneliness falls like snowflakes
Which is fearful
Returned prodigal son decides to chase glory
But it'd fade away finally, leaving only emptiness

The wanderer bends his head to look under his feet
—There is no root



野菊花带着飘香的思念而去

我不动山也不动
彼此渐渐相忘

风吹过，唤起一种记忆
或者说存在感
它从我的肌肤上滑过
产生愉悦
让我对这个薄情的世界
多了一份爱意

风梳理着大山的头发
一波又一波
思念在野菊花上滚动
越走越远



Wild Chrysanthemum Gone with the Fragrant Yearning

I don't move and the hill does not either
Gradually we forget each other

The wind blows through, evoking a memory
Or a sense of being
It glides over my skin
And generates pleasure
Filling my heart with more love
To this fickle world

The wind combs the hair of the hill
Wave after wave
Yearning rolls over the wild daisies
Further and further



窗台

窗台成了前沿阵地

敌方统帅是自由
看上去像妖姬，极具诱惑力
她带着冷空气、海的腥味
几片看得见的枯叶
无数看不见的灰尘
浩浩荡荡想冲进来
举着诗和远方的大旗

我的王是爱
他寸土不让
温暖的被褥如防弹衣
厨房的咖啡香味
炸鸡翅的香味
柴米油盐交叉开火
扫把、畚斗、吸尘器
奋力抗敌

最终双方和谈
窗台成了军事分界线
自由和爱隔空喊话
宣扬自己的主义



Windowsill

Windowsill becomes the forward position

The enemy commander-in-chief is freedom
Which looks like a seductive siren
She carries the cold air, the fishy smell of the sea
A few visible dead leaves
And countless invisible dust
Trying to rush in with mighty force
Holding the banner of poetry and future

My King is Love
He won't give up even an inch
The warm bedding is like bulletproof vest
The smell of coffee in the kitchen
The aroma of fried chicken wings
And all the smells in the kitchen open fire
The brooms, dustpans, vacuum cleaners
Fight against the enemy bravely

Eventually the two sides agree to peace talks
The windowsill becomes a military demarcation line
Freedom and love conversing in the air
To preach their own doctrine



寄给那年芳华

把心思写成几句文字吧
分成行寄给那年的那支风筝
它在空中很快乐
因为遥远 我们听不见它的笑声
只看见它轻盈滑翔
比天鹅还要优雅

再写几行
寄给那年围墙外的路灯
虽然它伸向夜幕的手是那么笨拙
昏花的老眼却见证了我们的荒唐
看到我们翻过墙头的青春
看到柳树萌生出不安分的芽

这些
都烦劳它们转给那年芳华
那羞涩的纯净的芳华



Send to the Year of Youth

Let's write your thoughts down into a few words
And send them in separate lines to the kite of that year
The kite was happy in the air
We can't hear its laughter because it's far away
We can only see it gliding lightly
More elegant than a swan

Let's write a few more lines
And send them to the streetlight outside the wall that year
Although its hand reaching for the night were so clumsy
Its old eyes witnessed our absurdity
Saw our youth over the wall
As well as the willow sprouting restless buds

All of these
Please deliver to the year of youth
The shy and pure youth



橱窗

沉寂，高冷。
站在那个显眼的位置，
一站就是几个月，
是在炫耀还是在思考？
不，不是的。
再完美也是木偶，
马路上那位青年投过来惊艳的目光，
一定不是给我，
是给我身上的华丽的服装。

我在做自己该做的事，
又看到了自己不该看的东西。
上个月，一个小偷在我面前
偷了一位老人的钱包。
昨天，一辆车在我面前
撞飞了一位行人。
这些危险我看得见，喊不出。

这真是一个悲伤的故事。



Window

Silent. Aloft.

It has been standing in that conspicuous position

For a few months

Is it showing off or thinking?

No, neither

Perfect as it is, it is still a puppet

The young man on the road casting a startled glance

It must not be for me

But for the gorgeous costume on me

I'm doing what I have to do

I'm seeing again what I shouldn't see

Last month, a thief stole an old man's wallet

In front of me

Yesterday, a car hit a pedestrian

In front of me

I can see these dangers but I cannot shout

It's really a sad story



树的心思

树的悲哀在于
不能行走也不能说话

它不停地往地下生长
触摸到了地球的心跳
它懂得世界在黑夜里对峙
又在黎明互相拥抱
世界在水面之下龌龊
又在阳光到达的地方充满善意
世界让活着的人痛恨
却又让将死之人无限留恋

树，还不停地往天空探索
它远远看见
城市的生灵半人半兽
穿梭在钢筋水泥的丛林
对同类左手残杀
右手抚爱

当它无法忍受的时候
就借一把火把自己烧掉
烈火腾起它就可以呐喊
成了烟灰它就可以自由行走



The Mind of Trees

The sadness of trees is that
They can neither walk nor talk

They keep growing downward underground
Touching the heartbeat of the earth
They know the world in conflict in dark night
And the world in harmony at dawn
The world is nasty under the water
And full of goodwill where the sunlight can reach
The world makes the living hate
And the dying endlessly linger on

Besides, trees keep exploring the sky
From a long distance, they see
The creatures in city—half human and half animal
Travel through the jungle of steel and concrete
Murdering their fellows with left hand
While fondling them with the right

When they cannot bear any more
They burn themselves with a fire
When the fire rises they can shout
When they become ash they can walk freely



向往

写给被拐卖到山区的女人

一片云
遮住了全部的光线
情事被隔在千里之外
甜蜜被锁在十年之前
野猫不合时宜地叫春
土狗略懂主人心思
在大多数时候沉默无言

春天在指缝间溜走
紫云英独自盛开在溪边
楚楚身姿悲伤成花瓣
投在冷静的水面
没有人来，山峦连绵曲线
画出一道道牢笼的栅栏

在不写书信的时代
看不到被泪水打湿的信纸
不绝的思念无处安放
她在寻找一阵恰好无事的风
放牧自己的向往，直达云上

多年以后，肉身
最终会与黄土握手言和



Yearning

To women trafficked to the mountainous area

A cloud
Blocking out all the light
Love affairs are separated in thousands of miles away
Sweetness is locked in a decade ago
Wildcats caterwaul at an inopportune time
Rural dogs know their masters' minds roughly
Silent most of the time

Spring slips away through our fingers
Milk vetches blossom alone by the stream
Their stunning demeanor withers in grief like flower petals
Falling in the calm water
No one comes, the mountains drawing a fence of cage
With their connected curves

In the age without letters
The letter paper wet with tears couldn't be seen
The endless thoughts have no place to rest
She was looking for a wind that was just available
To graze her own yearning straight to the clouds

Years later, the flesh
Will eventually shake hands with the yellow earth



五月的罂粟花

五月的阳光
惠及所有生物
在寂静山坡
罂粟花绝世独立，特别醒目
花瓣内敛包住羞涩
红色火焰迎风起舞
她不知道自己很美
同样也不知道自己有毒
更不知道在世间众口
她已经无法救赎

孤独而饥渴的行吟者
从这片荒坡经过
目光被火焰牵引
罂粟托风带来私语
诱惑着欲望滋长成蛇型
隐蔽、阴暗、永远没法满足
它在草丛之下悄然爬行
靠近她，沸腾血液和毒液亲密接触
物我两忘的狂欢中
快乐和死亡同步

行吟者在山中睡去
罂粟花依然美艳得那么无辜



May Poppies

The sunshine of May
Benefits all creatures
On the silent hillside
The poppies are so unique, aloft and striking
Their petals are restrained and wrapped in shyness
Red flames dancing in the wind
They don't know they're beautiful
Neither do they know they are toxic
Not to mention that in the world's mouth
They are beyond redemption

The lonely and thirsty troubadour
Passes through this barren slope
His eyes drawn by the flames
Poppies whisper to the wind
Tempting desire grows into a snake
Hidden, shadowy, never satisfied
It crawls quietly under the grass
Getting close to the poppies—a close contact of boiling blood and venom
In a carnival of forgetfulness
Happiness and death are synchronized

The troubadour falls asleep in the mountains
The poppies are still beautiful and innocent



独白

泳池里的两盏灯
一只发着白光，无声伏地
另一只不停变幻着颜色
红、绿、黄、蓝、紫
再重复红、绿、黄、蓝、紫
机器人在水下游走
走走停停，停停走走
在交错的灯光中显得十分诡异

我坐在院子的椅子上
吃着一个并不完美的梨
身体相当疲惫
思绪在上下奔突，快速回旋
白灯，彩灯，机器人，梨，我
谁有了问题？

白灯和彩灯同在一个阵营
各自安守妖娆和固执
机器人看似杂乱无章的劳作
却不会忘记把每个角落清洗
梨的品相差了点
也没有影响朵颐

在这个深夜，在这里
万物在寂静中对峙



Monologue

Two lights in the pool
One glows white, silently ambushing
The other one keeps changing colors
Red, green, yellow, blue, purple
Then repeat red, green, yellow, blue, purple
Robots swimming underwater
Walk and stop, to and fro
It looks very eerie in the staggered lights

I sat on a chair in the courtyard
Eating a not-so-perfect pear
Quite physically exhausted
My thoughts race up and down, rapidly reverberating
White light, colored light, robot, pear and me
Which has got a problem?

The white light and colored light in the same camp
Each of them holding fast to their charm and obstinacy
The robot's seemingly working disorderly
But will not forget to clean every corner
The pear looks like in poor condition
It didn't affect the appetite however

In this late night, here
All things confront each other in silence



然后相互容忍妥协
我的肉体和灵魂
一个想休息，一个想逃离
这会儿都那么温顺
在听我的独白，也是宣示



Life

Then compromise with mutual tolerance
My body and soul
One longing to rest, the other to escape
At this moment they are so docile
Listening to my monologue and declaration



一群蚂蚁和一根鱼骨

一根鱼骨掉在地上
招来一群蚂蚁
它们互相碰了碰触角
决定把它搬回家
十几只蚂蚁举起这千斤重担
蹒跚前行了五六厘米
有几只力气已经耗尽
离开团队去找帮手
快速转了几圈并没有找到谁
只能重新归队继续负重前行
又搬几厘米
又力竭离开
如此循环往复，脚步匆匆不见停息

我在冷眼旁观
不知道它们把鱼骨搬回家有什么用
也不知道它们经历了多少次的绝望
它们如人世一般的忙碌
也遵循人世间的游戏规则
小蚂蚁在劳作
大蚂蚁忙于交配
可有一样蚂蚁比人强
无论如何辛苦
无论有多少次的无助
从来没见过一只蚂蚁自杀身亡



Ants and Fish Bone

A fish bone falls on the ground
Attracting a swarm of ants
They touch each other's tentacles
Decide to move it home
A dozen ants take this thousand-pounds burden
Hobble forward five or six centimeters
A few of them have run out of strength
And leave the team to get help
A few turns end up with none on the scene
So they rejoin the team and continue to carry the weight
A few more centimeters
And they leave again with exhaustion
They do not stop, though they repeat over and over

I watch all this from the sidelines
Wondering what they do with it after returning home
And how many times they have experienced despair
They are as busy as the human of the world
Following the rules of the game
Little ants at work
Big ants are busy mating
But there is one thing ants are better than human
No matter how hard it is
No matter how many times they are helpless
We never see an ant die by suicide



西塘月影

一个带水的小镇，
在江南安放。
一条依着水的长廊，
合乎情理出现在小镇的中央。
木柱起了褶子，
包住繁华和苍凉；
青砖规则排列又无序磨损，
各自承受了多或少的践踏之殇。

石皮弄的黑与白，
割据着各自的时代痕迹。
月色无法介入，
置身局外，静听风从弄堂穿过。
流水在石板下窃窃私语。
个人的不幸只可和月亮讲述，
冷冷的光泽不担当罪责，
也不以救赎者自居。

它在镇上徘徊，从来只听不说。
擅长掩盖、淡化、归于宁静。

如果你来自远方，
请不要追逐人群的拥挤，
和太阳的热烈。
喧嚣总是沾沾自喜却毫无意义。



Moonlight at Xitang

A town with rills
Places itself in the south of the river
A promenade that walks along the water
Appear expectedly in the middle of the town
The wooden pillar is creased
Wrapping up prosperity and bleakness
The green bricks are regularly arranged and worn in a disorderly manner
They all endured more or less the pain of trampling

The black and white in the Shipi alley
Occupy with traces of their respective times
The moon cannot intervene
Keeping itself out and listening to the wind passing through the alley
Streams of water whisper under the slate
Personal misfortune can only be shared with the moon.
The cold shine does not assume the guilt
Nor do it consider itself as a redeemer

It wanders around town, never talking but listening
Good at masking, fading and returning to tranquility

If you are from afar
Please don't chase the crowdedness of men
Or the warmth of the sun
The hustle and bustle is always complacent but meaningless



生命

请在夜幕来临前，
在拱形桥头的石凳上安静等待，
看着晚霞退去，
看着月亮升起，
在月影里浅尝孤单的甜蜜。



Life

Please, before the night comes
Wait quietly on a stone bench at the head of the arched bridge
Watching the evening glow recede
And the moon rise, and sip
The sweetness of loneliness in the shadow of the moon



轨道

卫星围着行星转，
行星围着恒星转，
恒星围着星系转。
亿万颗星星在并不空旷的宇宙中
极速狂奔。
没有起点也没有终点，
拥挤、繁忙、枯燥的旅途中
鲜有碰撞产生。
大家都信奉一个至高法则——轨道。

有两颗不安分的星
隔着迢迢银河暗递情思。
在时间、生命、理想
都没有意义的世界，
奢求感情。几亿年来
以二人之力挑战规则，
无人助力，无人呐喊。

结果只有两个：
或永世不得相见，
或相见于宇宙崩塌的那一秒。



Track

Satellites orbit planets
Planets orbit stars
Stars orbit galaxies
Billions of stars in the not-so-empty universe
Rush extremely fast and furious
Without beginning or end
On their crowded, busy, boring journey
Few encounters would occur
They believe in one supreme law—track

There are two restless stars
Delivering their thoughts across the galaxy
In a world where time, life, ideals
Are meaningless, entertaining
High hope for love. And for millions of years
Challenging the rules with their power of just two
No one helped, no one cheered.

There are only two results:
Never to see each other again
Or meet in the second when the universe collapses



冷静

海天交际处一片模糊
蓝与白都没有站稳立场
这里空旷、自由、可以赋予无穷的想象
日月星辰从这里升起
台风正在酝酿
一切可能性都从远处逼近

见惯了风雨的礁石特别冷静
它矗在那里
护着小鱼小虾
护着绿色植被和几株隐藏着的花

就像一个中年男人
无所畏惧，无所不能，无限孤独



Calm

A blur exists where the sea meets the sky
Blue and white are not standing firm
This place is empty, free, breeding endless imagination
The sun, moon and stars rise here
Typhoon is brewing
All possibilities are approaching from afar

The reefs that see the storm all the time
Stand there, extremely calm
Protecting small fish and shrimps
And the green vegetation and a few hidden flowers

Just like a middle-aged man
Fearless, omnipotent, infinitely lonely



断翅

我在深山修行，夜半打坐
闭目之时常听见花开的巨响
以及飞鸟翅膀从空中划过的刺耳声音
雷声是柔弱的
闪电击中我，纤细如绣花针

长年修炼
忍受住了现实寂寞和虚幻繁华
我看淡富贵
总以一种深不可测的微笑示人
这很让成功者痛恨

我聚集光芒羽化飞升
回望大地的一刻
朝夕相处的白狐眼中闪着泪光
翅膀断裂，坠入尘土
一切皆成灰烬



Broken Wings

In deep mountains I practice religion and meditate at midnight
I often hear the loud blooming of flowers when I close my eyes
And the piercing sound of a bird's wings skimming across the sky
The sound of thunder is soft
Lightning strikes me, slender as an embroidery needle

Long years of practice
Gone through lonely reality and illusionary prosperity
I look down on rank and riches
Always with an unfathomable smile
Which annoys the successful

I gather light and ascend to heaven
The moment I look back at the earth
The white fox that lived with me all the time sheds bright tears
My wings break and fall into the dust
Everything turns into ashes



半窗风

风是自由的
因为自由所以骄傲
它从半开的窗户进来
怜悯地看着我
说几句无关痛痒的话
轻飘飘走了

我竟没有机会反驳

世界昏暗，你的美丽如此清晰

天空和大地之间
存在一种混沌
和雨没有关系，和雾也没有关系

是非没有界线
天堂为魔鬼打开
地狱留给天使

金钱、色诱、奉承都是博取功名的手段
世界昏暗
你的美丽如此清晰



Half-window Wind

The wind is free
So it is proud
It comes in through a half-open window
Looking at me with pity
Saying a few irrelevant words
Before leaving lightly

I didn't even have a chance to retort

The World is Dim, but Your Beauty is So Clear

Between the sky and the earth
There is a chaos
Nothing to do with rain, neither with fog

There is no line between right and wrong
Heaven is open for the devil
Hell is reserved for angels

Money, seduction and flattery are all means of gaining fame and fortune
The world is dim
But your beauty is so clear



临江品秋

生活平缓而呈现颓势
如这一江东去的水
秋可以爽
拔高的天空令万物变得卑微
凭栏处，几杯浓酒足以让凡人称王
秋也可以悲
肃杀的西风席卷落叶和往事
决绝猛烈，来不及回味

当秋遇上了江水
野性被制服
悲喜不显于言表
如疲惫的躯体找到了一个安静去处



Sightseeing Autumn on the River

Life is slack and declining
Like the water of this river going east
Autumn can be cool
The elevated sky makes all things humble
Leaning against the railing, rich wine can stir a heart of king
Autumn can also be sad
The stern west wind sweeps away the fallen leaves and the past
Too fierce and forceful for you to look back

When autumn meets the river
Wildness is subdued
Sadness and joy are not shown in words
Like a tired body found a quiet place to rest



高贵的一种诠释

关于高贵，
红酒是其中的一种诠释。

窖藏沉寂，
一位修行者的闭关修炼。
面壁而思不为过错，
为吸纳、沉淀、内敛。
收起一身光芒，
如城堡里的美人昏睡经年。

醒酒，这是多么美妙的说法呀！
开启一瓶红酒，
就是一份因缘际遇，
红色精灵被有缘之人唤醒，
在玻璃杯中起舞，
掀动红色裙裾遮挡杯壁，
如演出时开合的幕布。

她的芳泽诱惑饮者。
灵魂卸下外衣，自由而轻盈，
跳出苦难的坚壳，
手里捧着一颗有热度的、
不设防的心。



An Interpretation of Nobility

About nobility
Red wine is one interpretation

Being silent in the cellar
Is a religious practitioner's closed refinement
Facing the wall in reflection is not for any fault
But for absorption, sedimentation, and introversion
Gathering up all its light
Like a beauty in the castle sleeping through the years

Waking up the red wine, what a wonderful way to put it!
Opening a bottle of red wine
Is a karmic encounter
The red genie is awakened by the person
And then dances in the glass
Lifting the red skirt to cover the wall of the cup
Like the curtain that draws and lifts during performance

Her fragrance tempts the drinker
The soul unclothed, free and light
Jumping out of the hard shell of suffering
Holding in hand a hot
And unsuspecting heart.



生命

哲人说，所有的诞生
都伴随着光环
只要相信，就可以找出
自然界相应的异像呈现
我们注定不平凡
就像河流中一块带棱角的石头
就像悬崖上与山风抗争的花瓣

生命之卑微如尘埃
无数的尘埃在叠加
叠加成一个巨人
披上耀世的盔甲

我预见垂暮之年的某个午夜
在梦境之前闪过一道记忆
唤醒尘埃
它们各自散去



Life

The philosophers say that all births
Are accompanied by halo
If you believe it, you can find out
The corresponding anomalous presentation of nature
We are not destined to be ordinary
Like an angular stone in a river
Or the petals of a flower on a cliff fighting the wind

Life is as humble as dust
Countless of it stacks up
Stacking into a giant
With a dazzling armor on

I foresee in a midnight of my twilight years
A memory flashed before the dream
Waking up the dust
That finally disperses



火

火是善舞者
以流水之势向天空蔓延
重力捕获所有
却缚不住火焰

浓重夜色
传递着宇宙深处的威严
把地狱悬在头顶
令万物禁言

火欢乐舞蹈，撕开黑暗
发出裂帛般笑声
无论地狱、人间、天堂
它的存在即是光明



Fire

Fire is a good dancer
Spreading to the sky with the force of flowing water
Gravity captures all
But not the flame

Heavy night
Transmits the majesty of the depths of the universe
Hanging hell overhead
To forbid all things to speak

Fire dances happily, tearing apart the darkness
Making cracking laugh
In hell, on earth or in heaven
Its presence is the light



鸡的恐惧

我在追捕一只老母鸡
它极度恐慌
或许是看到了同伴的下场
它奔跑速度更快
穿越了平时无法穿过的铁丝网
跳下平时不敢跳的高度
消失在邻家院子

我找到了它
在一棵树下
头和半截身子钻进树洞
颤栗着，没敢发出一点声响
我抓着它的翅膀和脚往外拉
竟然有与人拔河的感觉
这绝不是一只鸡所具有的力量
这是恐惧和绝望



Fear of a Hen

I'm chasing an old hen
It is in extreme panic
Perhaps having seen what happened to her fellows
It runs faster, crossing the barbed
Wire fence beyond her normal ability
And jumping at the height greater than her normal
Before disappearing in the neighboring yard

I found it
Under a tree
Her head and half of the body into the tree hole
Trembling, not daring to make a sound
I grabbed its wings and feet and pulled it out
Surprisingly, it's like a tug of war with someone
This is absolutely not the power of a chicken
It's fear and desperation



小溪水

在地图上我藐视小溪
细如牙签，长如手指
到了景宁我还是轻视它
没有大江大河的惊涛骇浪
更没有大海与天地呼应的
潮涨潮落

进入溪水中
我冷静了
源于水的低温对皮肤的刺激
也源于河床的深不可测

在岸上看水是软的，逶迤东去
在水里看水是硬的
削出两岸的悬崖
反而山上的绿色植被比水温柔
捂住了山岩的伤口

不知道这小溪水
是否还记得二十九年前
有三个少年喝了劣质白酒
顶着雪花冲进河里

应该不记得了
我张开双臂拥抱



Creek

On the map I defy the creek
As thin as a toothpick, as long as a finger
I still despise it when I get to Jingning
There is no shocking waves as that of big rivers
Not to mention the ebb and flow of the sea
That echoes heaven and earth

Into the creek
I become calm
For the skin irritation from the low temperature of water
Also for the unfathomable depth of the riverbed

Seen from the shore the water is soft and curves eastward
Seen in the water, it is solid
Cutting out the cliffs on both sides
The green vegetation on the mountain is gentler than the water
Covering the wound of the mountain rock

I wonder if this creek
Still remember twenty-nine years ago
Three teenagers drank bad white wine
Rushing into the stream against the snow

I don't think I remember
I embraced it with open arms



生命

它冷冷绕过，毫无停顿
宁可带走一片落叶
或是我小侄子的一把水枪

我仰浮在水面上
看到一只白鹭飞过
轻盈如青春期的梦



Life

It went around cold, without pause
Rather than took away a fallen leaf
Or one of my little nephew's water guns

I float on my back on the water
An egret flying past
Light as a dream of adolescence



天空

天空存在众多的幻想
关于飞鸟、浮云以及星星
一切不能实现的愿望
都可以投向神秘之境

我曾在高山上
见过鹰隼挑衅的眼神
那种生而为王的骄傲
统治着悬于头顶的金色城镇

而我引以为傲的灵魂
如果你相信它的存在
它未曾受困于任何力量
用一秒跨越天空直奔你而来



Sky

The sky is full of illusions
About birds, floating clouds and stars
Anything you can't wish for
Can be cast into the realm of mystery

I was in the high mountains
Seeing the falcon's provocative eyes
The pride of being born a king
Rules over the golden town that hangs overhead

And the soul I am proud of
If you believe it exists
It has not been trapped by any force
Spanning the sky in one second and coming straight to you



作坊

在体内开了一间作坊

头脑过于冷静
用火焰枪加热一下
脑筋不够直
要重新焊接梳理
眼睛看不远
装一个望远镜
或者雷达、扫描仪
外面的世界声音太嘈杂
耳朵装一个过滤器
与人吵架总感觉声音不够响亮
嘴巴装个扩音器
肢体太孱弱
就打几针来刺激

心脏缺乏血液而苍白
拿出来
刷几遍红色的油漆



Workshops

A workshop opened in the body

Too cool-headed

Heat it up with a flame gun

Not straight enough in the head

Re-weld it to make it straight

Eyes can't see far

Install a telescope

Or a radar, a scanner

The sound of the outside world is too noisy

Fit a filter to the ear

Feel the voice of quarreling with the other is not loud enough

Set up a megaphone on the mouth

Limbs are too weak

Need just a few shots to stimulate

Heart turning pale for lack of blood

Take it out then

And paint it red



记忆的钟摆

钟摆的速度太快
记忆落在了后面
树叶来不及变黄
雨季迟迟未到
河水也来不及变浑浊
而我却已经开始沧桑

忙着填补一道道沟壑
父辈越走越远
满世的繁华景象
成了旷世的寂寥
举目望去黑白的世界
竟无一丝声响

记忆的钟摆在整点
敲响：当——当——



The Pendulum of Memory

The pendulum is moving too fast
Memories fall behind
Leaves are not yet turning yellow
The rainy season has not arrived as usual
The river has no time to become cloudy
But I have much experienced

Busy filling one gully after another
Forefathers go farther and farther
A world full of prosperous scenes
Became the silence of the ages
Looking up at the world in black and white
Not a single sound is heard

The pendulum of memory strikes the hour
Ringing: clang, clang—



我们抱团

传说中
一朵雪花非常的冷

它是冰晶在云层的漫游
是一滴水对冰冷世界
无声的抗议
把寒风的压迫
以固体形式大白于天下

雪飘向大地
也许是绝望的坠落
它一定认为自己的经历
比别人惨痛
自己遭受的不幸举世无双

一朵，两朵，三朵
在落地的瞬间
第二朵雪花牵住了第一朵
第三朵抱住了第二朵
原来大家的故事都一样

雪花们聚集在一起
亿万个寒冷叠加成了温暖



We Embrace

As a legend goes
A snowflake is very cold

It is the roaming ice crystal in the clouds
It is a silent protest of a drop of water
To the cold world
Oppressing the cold wind
And revealing itself in solid form

Snow drifting to the earth
May be a desperate fall
It must think that its experience
More miserable than others
The misfortune it suffered is unparalleled in the world

One, two, three
At the moment of landing
The second snowflake holds the first one
The third one holds the second one
So everyone's story is the same

The snowflakes gather together
Billions of cold superimposed into warmth



隔离

世界突然安静下来
人，按地域被分类
放进火柴盒般的楼房

火柴盒之间
来不及回家的人
在封锁线之间彷徨

我想起小时候
总喜欢在蚂蚁前画几条线
那蚂蚁也是这个模样

请你原谅
此时我唱不出赞歌
只有哀伤



Isolation

The world suddenly fell silent
People, classified by geography
Are put into matchbox-like buildings

Between the matchboxes
People who are too late to go home
Wander between the blockade lines

I remembered when I was a child
I always like to draw lines before the ants
Which also look liked this

Please forgive me
I can't sing a hymn at this time
Except grief



鸟鸣

慵懒的日子里
鸟显得特别勤快
从清晨开始的鸣叫未曾停歇
啾啾，喳喳，叽叽，咕咕
有急促的
有悠长的
我试图寻找它们
却只见无数的叶子

我喜爱鸟鸣胜过其他声音
以至于
把我的闹铃设置成鸟鸣
而不对起床感到沮丧
其他的声音都让我烦躁
比如远处高速路上
车辆和空气摩擦的声音
比如一万里之外
在键盘上敲出文字的声音

我喜欢鸟鸣声
如靠椅上暖而软的垫子
如蜷在脚边眯着眼的猫
如小区干涸的河道中
自由漫步的狗和它的主人



Birdsong

In leisure days
The birds seem particularly diligent
Chirping from early morn without stop
Chirp, chirp, chirp, coo
Some in a rush tone, some long
I tried to find them
Only to see countless leaves

I love birdsong more than any other sound
To the extent that
I set my alarm to birdsong
After that I no longer get frustrated with getting up
All other sounds annoy me
For example, the sound of vehicles and air friction
From the distant highway
Or 10,000 miles away
The typing sound of words on the keyboard

I love the birdsong
Like a warm and soft cushion on a chair
A dozing cat curled up at my feet
Or a wandering dog and its owner
On the dried up riverbed of the community



只为不平，不为王

人们称他美猴王
他却不知王为何物

有七十二般变化
有毁天灭地的本领
能看清妖精原形
却看不透人心
不懂帝的尊严和王的荣耀
不晓得排资论辈的重要
凭一根金箍棒
一身石头打造的骨头
四海八荒纵横
棒打天庭之上岁月静好的神仙
棒打海底食着童男童女的龙王
棒打化作人身的禽兽
棒打借佛祖之名为害人间的妖魔
棒打天下不平

直到有一天
他跟随唐三藏到了西天
就像流亡的诗人回到了祖国

没有猴王的世界
显得平静而虚伪



Only for the Injustice, not for the King

People call him the Monkey King
But he doesn't know what a king is

He has mastered seventy-two transformations
He has an ability to destroy the sky and the earth
He can see the original shape of the leprechaun
Yet he can't see through men's hearts
He couldn't understand the dignity of emperor and the glory of king
He do not know the importance of seniority
With the golden-hooped staff
And the bones made of stones
He overruns the Four Seas and Eight Waters
Beating the holy and happy gods in the heaven
The dragon king who eats children at the bottom of the sea
The beasts that have taken on human forms
The demons harming the earth in the name of Budda
And all the injustice of the world

Until one day
He followed the Tang Tripitaka to the Western Paradise
Like a poet in exile returning to his homeland

A world without the Monkey King
Appears calm and hypocritical



桃子

一枚桃处在午后的安宁中
表面的细小绒毛打着瞌睡

透过光
可以看到它年轻时骄傲的粉色
三月春光之代言人
在漫山遍野的绿色中
以早熟的艳丽
大胆践行人世间所有情爱
一树桃花让百花失色
所有的笔墨都无法触及它的心事
所有的指责都无法干预它的行动
在春风鼓动下
用十天时间爱完全部想爱的人

现在，它就在那里
变成一枚成熟的，懂事的桃子
吃的人是儒雅还是粗鲁
它都不会产生欣喜或者惊恐



Peach

A peach in the peace of the afternoon
Its tiny fluffy hairs on the skin dozing off

Through the light
You can see the proud pink of its youth
March Spring Advocate
In the green of the mountains
With an early and voluptuous air
Boldly practices all the love in the world
A tree of peach blossoms outshines all the other flowers
All the ink and brush can't paint its heart
All the accusations cannot interfere with its actions
Under incitement of the spring breeze
It finished loving all that it wants to love in ten days

Now, there it is
Becoming a ripe, understanding peach
Be the one who eat it refined or rude
It does not produce either happiness or horror



猫

我们家的猫叫灰灰
是诗人张琴送的
它在诗人厉雄车上颠簸了500多公里
途中差点走失
最终在一辆卡车的轮胎上找到它
找到时
张琴抱着它大哭
我想，那时的灰灰是惶恐的
它不知道主人要将它带往何方

五个小时后
它来到西班牙的最南边
一座看得见海的房子
它经历了一次移民
在一个陌生的国度里
有广阔的草地
有它可以戏弄的老鼠和小鸟

以房门为界
外面它是捕食者
里面它是宠物
在外面它凶悍
以闪电般的速度上树下坡
在里面它温顺胆小
总是在恰当的时候偎在小主人身边



Cat

Our cat is called Huihui
The poet Zhang Qin gave it to us
Bumping around in the poet's car for more than 500 kilometers
The cat nearly lost on the way
It was finally found on the tire of a truck
At that moment
Zhang Qin hugged it and cried
I think Huihui was terrified at the time
It did not know where its master is taking it

Five hours later
It comes to the southernmost part of Spain
A house overlooking the sea
It has undergone a migration
In a strange country
Where there are vast meadows
Mice and birds that it can tease

With the door of the room as a boundary
It's a predator out there
Inside it is a pet
Outside it is fierce
Going up and down trees at lightning speed
Inside it is docile and timid
Always snuggling up to its master at the right time



生命

因为充分理解处世哲学
毫无疑问
它是快乐的，自由的，成功的



Life

For fully understanding the philosophy of the world

No doubt

It is happy, free and successful



冰火阿克苏

陆地的浩大
你要从阿克苏理解

就算大漠不提它的狼烟
你应该知道
它的黄沙下掩盖了多少马蹄印
多少肉身被抹去
如海水抹去渔船和水手
甚至于，抹去你
和你并无关系
只是它一次剧烈咳嗽

冰川的沉默不等于善良可欺
虽然在苍老的天和地面前
它还是个孩子
对于人类它如长者
需要尊重
需要安静

在冰火之间
有一种物质以水的形式存在
它模糊是非，广纳生灵
滋养着这座漠北重镇

狭小的居室容易产生幻觉



Aksu: Ice and Fire

The vastness of the land
You'd understand from Aksu

Even if the desert does not mention its warning smoke
You would know
How many hoofprints are hidden under its yellow sand
How much flesh has been erased
Like the sea wiping away fishing boats and sailors
Even including you
It has nothing to do with you
It's just a violent cough

The silence of the glacier does not mean
That it is good and gullible
Although it is still a child
In front of the aged heaven and earth
For humans it is an elder
Who need us to be quiet and respectful

Between fire and ice
There is a substance in the form of water
It blurs right and wrong, and takes in immense beings
Nourishing this important town in the north of the desert

Small living rooms makes one hallucinate



“我是宇宙的主人”
寥阔的原野
足以让人清醒而满怀谦卑

来吧，来阿克苏
来一次朝圣之旅
附和塔里木的阳光
爱着这个纷繁多变的世界
贴近天山的雪
珍惜着脆弱的人生



Life

“I am the master of the universe”
The wide wilderness
Enough to make people sober and humble

Come on, come to Aksu
Make a pilgrimage
Echo the sunshine of Tarim
Love the changing world
Approach the snow of Tien Shan
Cherish the fragile life



手术台

人间的路很拥挤
每个人都行色匆匆

这里很安静
人被摆在台子上
就像车子被拉进修车场
不同的是
人由骨头、皮肉和血液组成
车由钢铁、橡胶、汽油组成
医生和修车师傅是一样的
都那么认真和敬业

手术台上两只大灯一照
我明白了
人和车都是碳元素
不同的是
车子尘归尘土归土
人会留一个空荡荡的思想
在大地上飘游



Operating Table

The road in this world is crowded
Everyone in a hurry

It's quiet here.
Men are placed on the table
Like cars being pulled into a depot
The difference is
Man is made of bones, flesh and blood
Cars consist of steel, rubber and gasoline
Doctors and car mechanics are the same
All so serious and dedicated

Once the two headlights on the operating table shine
I get it—
Men and cars are both carbon elements
The difference is
Cars would be reduced to dust and dirt
But men would be left with an empty mind
Floating on the earth



原谅我吧，妈妈

原谅我吧，妈妈
就像你一向的宽容和慈爱
原谅我在这堵厚重冰冷的墙外
徬徨无策
原谅我不能陪你走过
最后一段时光

我们都是这个尘世的过客
来去匆匆
很多的话来不及说
很多的事来不及做
可是，我们终将要回家
回到那个没有光明和黑暗
没有永恒和短暂
没有疼痛的家

我们借用了这个躯壳太久
世间形形色色的缘分从这里经过
它们被结束生命
按照上帝的吩咐
以更卑微的一种形式
在我们躯体中延续
是时候了，妈妈
我们也去滋养另一个存在



Forgive me, Mother

Forgive me, Mother.

Just like you have always been generous and loving

Forgive me for being outside this thick, cold wall

Anxious and unsure of what to do

Forgive me for not being able to walk with you through

The last stretch of time

We are all passers-by in this earthly world

Coming and going in a hurry

Too many words to say in time

Too many things to do in time

But, we will go home in the end

Back to the home where there was no light and darkness

No eternity, no transience, and no pain

We have borrowed this shell for too long

Colorful destinies of the world pass through here

They are ending their lives

As God has commanded

In a more humble form

Going down in our bodies

It's time, Mom.

Let's go to nourish another being



妈妈，在回家的路上你孤单吗
不要紧，这条路并不长
外公和爸爸就在那里
那里好过人间
以后，我也会跟来
在这之前
我会改掉晚睡的习惯
让我们有更多的时间在梦里相见

妈妈，你走了
悲伤的河流把我托起
我是那么的轻盈
不再有恐惧和沉重能够让我屈服
我冷眼看着这个世界
它的沉沦和毁灭都和我无关



Life

Mom, are you lonely on the way home?
It does not matter, the road is not long
Grandpa and Dad are right there
It's better there than on earth
In the future, I will come along
Before this
I will break myself of the habit of staying up
So as to see more of each other in our dreams

Mom, you're gone
The river of sorrow lifts me up
I am so light
No more fear and heaviness can suppress me
I look at the world with cold eyes
I have nothing to do with its sinking or destruction



我给大海一次机会

此刻，我面对着地中海
骚动的海从两千米外看格外平静
如同没有欲望的老人
阳光不再刺目
温和撒下，带着一种令人惋惜的壮美
金色的、跳跃的、每分钟都在衰败的
我竟然想起一句话
“人之将死，其言也善”
阳光也是如此吗

春暖花开已经过去半年
磨砂般朦胧而耀眼的余辉里
橄榄挂满了枝头
把树枝努力压向地面
发泄着对自己无人问津的愤怒

我在给大海一次机会
让它向我呈现
吞噬夕阳的残忍和决绝
这个无情的人啊
就算吞下整个太阳
血液依然冰冷

我把自己绑在夕阳的战车上
轰隆隆奔向宿命的深渊
沉沦与反抗是一种态度
仅仅是一种态度



I Give the Sea a Chance

At this moment, I am facing the riotous Mediterranean Sea
That looks extraordinarily calm from miles away
Like an old man devoid of desire
The sun is no longer blinding
Gently scattering with a lamentable magnificence
Golden, jumping, decaying every minute
I suddenly remember a phrase
“Wise are the words of a dying man”
Is it the same with sunlight?

It has been half a year since the spring bloom
In the frosted, hazy and dazzling afterglow
The olives are hanging on the branches
Pressing the branches hard to the ground
Venting anger for not being attended

I’m giving the sea a chance
Let it present to me
The cruelty and determination when it swallows the sunset
O, the heartless being
Even if you swallow the whole sun
Your blood is still cold

I tied myself to the chariot of the sunset
Rumbling towards the abyss of destiny
Sinking and resistance is an attitude
And that’s all



译者简介

木樨颜，本名颜海峰，男，曲阜人，常用笔名木樨颜、木樨黄谷、水中山，民盟盟员，山东师范大学英语语言文学学士，苏州大学外国语言学与应用语言学硕士，北京外国语大学外国文学研究所博士研究生，山东政法学院副教授，山东省作家协会会员、英国比较文学研究会（BCLA）会员。同时担任中国比较文明学会理事、中国英汉语比较研究会典籍英译专业委员会理事、《国际诗歌翻译》（原《世界诗人》）季刊客座总编、国际学术期刊《东北亚外语论坛》编辑部副主任、《商务翻译》副主编等职。著有个人诗集2部，译诗集编著等近30部，译诗、双语诗、中文古体诗散见于《诗文杂志》《世界诗人》《天津诗人》《新诗》《广场诗刊》《江南诗》《诗殿堂》《国际诗歌翻译》等杂志期刊，并见录于《中国诗选》《双年诗经》《汉诗300首》等选本。曾获2012年获国际诗歌翻译研究中心国际汉语诗坛最佳翻译家称号、2016年第四届中国当代诗歌奖翻译奖、2020年美丽中国世界华文诗歌大奖赛银奖等。

王舒怡，女，赤峰人。山东政法学院英语学士，首都经济贸易大学翻译硕士研究生，国际学术期刊《商务翻译》编辑，译有双语诗集《乡村往事》。曾于2018年获中国外研社杯阅读大赛三等奖、2019年山东政法学院科技翻译比赛三等奖。热爱小提琴、hiphop。



Introduction to the Translator

Brent O. Yan, aka Yan Haifeng, born in Qufu (Confucius' birthplace), is a poet and translator who lives in Jinan, China and usually publishes his translations under the name of Brent O. Yan or B.O.Y. He is a PhD candidate of Beijing Foreign Studies University(BFSU), associate professor of Shandong University of Political Science and Law(SDUPSL), councilor of the Chinese Society for the Comparative Study of Civilizations, member of British Comparative Literature Association(BCLA) and Writers Association of Shandong Province of China, guest editor of *the Renditions of International Poetry* (previously known as *World Poets Quarterly*), vice editorial director of *Northeast Asia Forum on Foreign Languages*, associate managing editor of *Business Translation*. He has published two collections of poems and about 30 translated books. His poem translation, modern poems and poems of ancient Chinese styles scatter in *Poetry Magazine*, *World Poets Quarterly*, *Tianjin Poets*, *New Poetry*, *Square Poetry Magazine*, *Jiangnan Poetry*, *Poetry Hall*, etc. and anthologies like *Anthology of Chinese Poetry* and *Two-year Book of Poetry: an Introduction to Contemporary Chinese Poetry*. In 2012 he won the annual "International Best Translator" Award issued by International Poetry Translation and Research Center (IPTRC). And in 2016 he was awarded "Best Translator" in Contemporary Chinese Poetry Award. In 2020 he won a silver medal in "Beautiful China-The World Chinese Poetry Contest".

Wang Shuyi, born in Chifeng, Inner Mongolia, is a candidate Master of Translation and Interpreting in Capital University of Economics and Business. She graduated from Shandong University of Political Science and Law as a bachelor in Business English. She is an editor of the academic journal *Business Translation*, and translated a poetry collection *Village Past*. In 2018, she won the third prize in "China Foreign Research Cup Reading Contest". In 2019, she won the third prize in the "Technological English Translation Contest" hosted by the Shandong University of Political Science and Law. She likes playing violin and listening the hip-hop.



